suckerpunch

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by indigocarnation

Summary

Will forgets to take his suppressants. Dr. Lecter smells it on him.

Notes

Hello, guys! This fic is a gift to the lovely Zilla, who asked for big, brawny, bad, rutting Alpha Hannibal going after helpless Will. A huge thank you both to Mark and Mitz for helping me beta read this monster.

Please, as always, read the tags carefully before reading it. Attention: this fic features a detailed sex scene with dubious consent.

I fully authorize translations, remixes, podfics adaptations or fanarts of all of my works, as long as I'm rightfully credited and that the original work is linked. I kindly ask you to send me the link via Twitter or Tumblr.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will couldn't concentrate whenever Dr. Lecter was with the team in the autopsy suite. Being the only Alpha in the room, his presence was always commanding, and his frequent silence was a hint at his introspection. There was an intrinsic magnetism to him, a raw sense of authenticity that demanded Will's attention. He always stood still and composed, with no fidgeting or unnecessary movements, and with a straight spine, never slouching or hunching. His red eyes glimmered under the harsh fluorescent lights.

Will was spellbound, had been since day one, no matter how much he loathed to admit to being so captivated by someone for the first time during his 38 years of life.

The lab team meticulously examined the body of a slender, scarred omega. The sterile field draped over her small corpse did little to conceal the smell of formaldehyde emanating from her, and it made Will's eyes ache.

She had died at the hands of a vicious Alpha, who had assaulted her so violently that she didn't make it. Her baby pink dress had been torn apart, and her mouth was still open, as if a scream had gotten stuck in her throat and never came out.

Beverly used a swab to check for blood under the victim's nails as the others discussed motives.

"It must've been a passion crime," someone said, but Will had lost his focus a long time ago to identify who.

"No way, he butchered her. He didn't love her."

"Love and hate go hand in hand."

Will pinched the bridge of his nose. He was incredibly distracted.

Dr. Lecter was standing across from Will in the circle they all had formed around the body, wearing the usual white coat everyone had to wear in the suite—except for the fact that the doctor was clad in a three-piece velvet green suit underneath.

Though Will couldn't see them through the layers of fabric, he knew there were thick cords of muscle underneath, something that seemed suspect for a man of Hannibal's profession. He had seen Dr. Lecter's brawn before, when he wasn't wearing blazers. The memory of it echoed fondly in Will's head. The doctor's arms, as Will remembered, incredibly chiseled and defined, seemed poised to tackle anyone who crossed him.

Dr. Lecter was an embodiment of physical and psychological prowess. Constantly giving insightful contributions to the FBI cases, his mind was seductively sharp. As much as Dr. Lecter was seductive, however, he was equally pretentious, a quality that vexed Will and chafed at his sensibilities.

Suddenly, the doctor sniffed the air like he was a narcotics dog. His red eyes darkened. Will wondered if he was smelling the decaying corpse to catch any clues that could lead them to possible culprits. Dr. Lecter licked his lips and subtly smiled, which made his fangs make a

fleeting appearance, something that would've been unnoticed by anyone less trained on his microexpressions as Will was.

Will wondered how much of Hannibal's prominent canines were because he was an Alpha or if they were just a feature of his individual biology. They contrasted with the victim omega's teeth—it was clear hers were much smaller, with almost round canines.

She also had a scrap of something organic-looking stuck between her central incisors.

"Price, there's…"

Before Will could finish, Price caught his cue, reached out for tweezers, and proceeded to remove the mysterious tissue lodged between her teeth.

He put it under the microscope.

Dr. Lecter adjusted his position within the circle to gravitate closer to Will. It seemed that, as the conversation flowed, he gradually inched closer to be in his line of sight as Will's very own personal satellite. He seemed to be unusually fixated on Will as he mirrored his movements and towered over him.

"I'm guessing they're…" Will's voice tapered out as he lost himself along the sentence due to how Dr. Lecter's hand was now resting on his left hip.

Beverly moved closer to identify it. She was quick and smooth with it.

"Sertoli cells," she announced after only a few seconds.

"Fuck me. She bit the guy's balls?!" Price asked in disbelief, but Will couldn't even be affected by the absurdity.

He was too busy thinking of the doctor's large hand touching him that way, so inappropriately for a professional setting. Will shifted away from the hold.

"She was lucky his knot didn't get locked behind her teeth before she could bite down," Zeller joked darkly.

"16% of all Alpha/omega murders are from knot-induced asphyxiation," Price supplied.

The doctor inhaled Will's air. It became clear then that he was smelling *Will* and not the corpse. Will wondered why he was being smelled in the midst of an autopsy. He was sure his coworkers had noticed it as well, which was incredibly embarrassing.

"Excuse me," Will said as he removed his latex gloves and fled the room.

'Of course,' he thought to himself. He had forgotten his suppressants this morning, as he had woken up from a nightmare again, followed by his coffee machine breaking down, two factors that made him incredibly late. Dr. Lecter, being the only lupus Alpha in the building, noticed it before anyone else. He was the only one who had a pure heritage, the son of an

Alpha father and an omega mother. Pedigree was public knowledge and a crucial thing to know about people you engaged with, especially professionally.

Will went to his locker in quick steps, pressed the buttons on the keypad and twisted the lock open. He went through his duffel bag to look for the godforsaken pills, as he often had a back-up stash for situations like this.

Hair comb, gum wrappers, ibuprofen tablets, laptop, water bottle, keys.

No sign of suppressants. Will did find some vaseline, which he sometimes used for his chapped lips. Theoretically, it could also be used to cover up his neck glands, but he suspected he was only spreading the scent even more as he rubbed the skin.

Will adjusted the collar of his flannel shirt and noticed it was damp with sweat. He felt way too hot, but his heat was still four days away. 'It's fine,' he thought, 'this has happened before and I didn't go into heat.' He figured he would be alright if he could endure a little sweating until going home, when he'd finally be able to take the suppressants.

As he made his way back to the autopsy suite, his nostrils picked up an overwhelming scent in the distance—something akin to varnish mixed with vehicle exhaust. The strong, pungent smell permeated the air, getting stronger the further he walked down the hallway. It was sharp and acrid.

A harbinger of potential danger.

When Will reached the height of the evidence room, he heard growling and some kind of heated dialogue coming from the autopsy suite. He thought he heard squeaks of shoes on the laminate floors and rustles of clothing.

Past the doorway of the suite, Will saw Jack was holding Dr. Lecter by the belt hoops, whilst Beverly, Zeller and Price were holding his thrashing limbs. There were menacing growls erupting from the doctor's throat.

Three things instantly became clear to Will.

One, Dr. Lecter had been induced into a rut.

Two, he smelled of fresh varnish when aroused.

Three, he wanted to fuck the life out of Will.

His Alpha cock bulged against the tailored fabric, begging to be let out. Even from afar, Will could tell the doctor's Cowper glands, an exclusive feature of lupus Alphas, were already leaking precome from how wet his crotch was.

"Will! Run!" Jack shouted.

Will knew he was in grave danger and that he would be dead soon if he didn't do as Jack said. Lupus Alphas' rut were incredibly violent when induced, and they were often locked away until the rut passed to protect nearby omegas and betas.

Will started running as fast as he could through the laboratory. As he ran, his heart was racing a million miles per hour, his mouth was dry, and his underwear was wet. The latter made his running awkward and uncomfortable.

He knew the place well, but even then it was difficult to think of where to go with fear added to an imminent heat bubbling under his skin.

He found himself in Jack's office, not sure how he had ended up there. It may have been that he had always associated Jack with safety and protection, as the man had always looked out for him, but he couldn't be sure. He wasn't sure of anything. He was too frightened to think straight.

Behind the closed door, Will's breaths were shallow and rapid as he tried to stifle the sound. He shut off the lights. The darkness enveloped him, broken only by the faint glimmer seeping from underneath the door.

The varnish scent was everywhere, even here. It reminded Will of when his dad painted his childhood home almost thirty years ago. Will knew his dad's rod would soon find its way to Will's skin because he had gotten the floor dirty with paint.

"Spare the rod, spoil the child," Beau used to say.

The current situation was just another way to be put under uncomfortable floodlights. To sense the danger. To be helpless whilst standing opposite such danger.

Will found a half-used bottle of hand sanitizer on Jack's desk and rubbed it all over his neck glands. The smell of alcohol was an awful, sharp odor.

He hid under Jack's desk. With the locked door and the lights off, Will thought the rutting Alpha wouldn't be wise enough to look for him here. Will could only hope to outsmart him.

Huddled beneath the desk, Will covered his neck glands with both hands and brought his knees to his chest. He pressed himself against the wooden surface of the modesty panel of the desk like a prey animal. Fear coiled in the pit of his stomach, paralyzing him with dread.

He felt a wetness in his pants and noticed there was already a pool of slick beneath him. His cock was also starting to harden between his thighs.

An uncomfortable concoction of fright and biological yearning.

Will wondered what it would feel like. To be taken by a lupus Alpha in an induced rut. His body shivered with want, betraying the fear in his mind, as he pictured Dr. Lecter's cock splitting him open.

Each of Dr. Lecter's steps was a heavy thud that reverberated through the walls. The smell of varnish was toxic at this point, but Will couldn't cover his nostrils when his hands were already busy blocking his neck.

And then, the light coming from beneath the door suddenly dimmed with shadow.

With a thunderous crash, the Alpha rammed into the door, but its reinforced glass held firm, resisting his assault. Splinters flew, but the sturdy door refused to yield.

Will closed his eyes tightly. He knew he couldn't escape this. All he could do was brace himself for the imminent attack.

It was too late to come up with an escape plan.

The Alpha was going to claim him as his.

He was going to shove his cock in Will and make him *hurt*.

Will was dead already.

Again, Dr. Lecter threw himself against the door. The impact shook the room and Will flinched. The heavy wooden door remained defiant, standing strong against the onslaught.

Will let out a desperate whimper. 'Maybe it'll hold out long enough for Jack to get here.' If only God could hear him. If only He could have mercy on Will's tortured soul.

On the third try, with a crack, the door gave way. Wood splintered everywhere and its hinges groaned in protest as the Alpha burst into the room.

Though it tried to keep beating despite it all, Will's heart sank.

"It's time, omega," Dr. Lecter's panting voice echoed through the office. "Can't escape the darkness now."

Even though he tried to suppress it, Will let out a strained cry. More slick came out of him. If Dr. Lecter hadn't found him by the crying, he certainly would have smelled the slick.

Will considered bolting for the door and taking the fire exit, but the Alpha would certainly catch up before he could make the turn.

The desk above Will shuddered violently, torn from its place with a deafening crack. Will barely had any time to react before the Alpha sent the desk hurtling across the room and slamming into the wall.

Frozen with terror, Will was helpless when Dr. Lecter snatched him by the neck and pinned him to the wall.

"Radiant omega… you even prepared yourself for me," he said, referring to the slick that was dripping from Will's khakis and smearing against the wall.

"Please– I'm not who or what you want."

Dr. Lecter tightened the grip on Will's neck. Will's vision blurred as he gasped.

"Oh, no," the doctor cooed. "You're precisely who I want. Who I have been desiring for quite some time. With your big doe eyes and enticing smell. Such brightness. Quantico's golden

boy.” He clicked his mouth against his teeth once.

Will tried to reply, but he couldn’t get any air to speak. He felt incredibly dizzy.

“This is your doing,” Dr. Lecter said as he encircled Will’s wrist and brought Will’s hand to his hardened Alpha cock, bulging against the zipper of his pants. His pants were the only clothes left on him, the rest of his outfit abandoned in his scramble to escape the clutches of his colleagues.

Will wasn’t sure what hurt the most: the splinters on his arms, the grip of Dr. Lecter’s hand on his neck, or the fact his body needed a knot so badly it felt his life depended on it.

The fumes of Dr. Lecter’s chemical scent were slightly sweet, from this close. Will inhaled the Alpha’s air and his entire body shivered with want.

Dr. Lecter let Will fall to the floor and pinned his wrists to the floor. His huge cock was rubbing against Will’s smaller one, both hard and wet at the tip, the fabric of their pants rubbing together roughly.

“Dr. Lecter… please,” Will whined, but he had no clue what he wanted to ask.

‘Let me go’ sounded counterproductive. ‘Be careful with me’ sounded unrealistic. ‘Fuck me’ sounded pathetic.

A loud growl in Will’s ear.

In the dark, the light washing the room through the destroyed door made Dr. Lecter’s eyes glimmer like two rubies. Will was hypnotized.

The enraged Alpha, fueled by an overwhelming surge of arousal, viciously grabbed hold of Will’s button-down flannel, his fingers clenching into tight fists as he pulled on the buttons with brute force. The fabric strained and ripped apart with a resounding tear. Will tried to cover himself, but Dr. Lecter slapped his hands away.

With another sharp tug, Dr. Lecter gripped the fabric of Will’s pants. His muscles strained as he yanked them roughly down Will’s legs.

With his every movement, Dr. Lecter’s sinewy strands of muscle rippled beneath the surface of his arms. His broad shoulders accentuated his raw masculinity. Under the dim light, his skin shimmered with a sheen of sweat, only adding to the aura of rugged virility.

“Need you,” Will mumbled stupidly as he fought the urge to reach down to tug at the doctor’s humongous cock. Its head was poking against Will’s inner left thigh, just close enough to reach. But, before Will had the chance, his hips were tugged into the air, right up to the alpha’s mouth. Dr. Lecter licked the slick that was soaking Will’s white cotton underwear. He was doing it sloppily, amidst ragged breaths, purposefully avoiding touching Will’s cock.

Will looked and found those deep cognac eyes glistening back at him, hungry with arousal and drunk on power. Dr. Lecter’s once coiffed dark blonde hair was now splayed over the place. Will allowed himself the luxury of sinking his fingertips into the Alpha’s scalp.

“Sour boy,” Dr. Lecter began with a growl. “Horrible attitude. Foul mouth. Who would guess you’d taste this sweet?”

Will moaned loudly. He was sure Jack and the forensics team could hear him, and that they hadn’t come to his rescue because they were frightened of ending up as prey in Dr. Lecter’s next prey.

The Alpha yanked Will’s underwear down his thighs and shoved two fingers inside him. The stretch was definitely there, but Will was so wet that it wasn’t an issue. Will tilted his hips up as he flexed his body around the fingers.

If only Dr. Lecter knew that Will had never been touched like that before, that in his 38 years of age, he had never been with anyone, let alone an Alpha in rut. He felt better to finally be experiencing what all of his classmates experienced at 16.

The smell of varnish was stinking up Will’s sensitive nostrils, but he couldn’t help but inhale it, wanting more.

Then the fingers stopped, and Will’s hips were lowered back to the ground. He was lying there with his clothes ripped off. A rush of chilly air enveloped his skin, making him shiver. Will’s teeth chattered as he felt more and more exposed and vulnerable. There was this palpable sense of humiliation and embarrassment, lying there under Dr. Lecter’s prying eyes.

Will missed the thickness of the Alpha’s fingers plunging in and out of him. He looked down to find out where they had gone, and found Dr. Lecter getting rid of his own underwear.

His hefty Alpha cock sprung free and slapped against his toned abdomen. Its glans was huge and it was long enough to make Will wonder how it fit in any underwear in the first place. It was reddened with the urgency of arousal and its thick veins pulsed with the Alpha’s heartbeat.

Will felt Dr. Lecter’s heavy balls touch his bare thigh as the alpha crouched over him. He let out a strained moan. He had never seen an Alpha cock in person before, and definitely hadn’t thought that his first would be a lupus cock. It was much more menacing than the ones he had seen in his anatomy books in sex education class.

It looked like it would hurt.

And then, Dr. Lecter placed an open-mouthed kiss on Will’s lips. The Alpha’s fangs got in the way of how frantic the kissing was, mostly tongue sucking and lip biting, but Will loved it. He appreciated the fact that the Alpha desired him so badly that he was finally losing control for the first time since they had met.

The ever so poised and stoic Dr. Hannibal Lecter, now a feral mess on top of a virgin omega.

There was no way out of this. Will decided to enjoy himself.

Will reached down for the Alpha’s cock. He wrapped both of his hands around the width and gasped at the size. He settled for a sloppy come-and-go rhythm, not really sure what he was

doing, but just wanting Dr. Lecter to know he also desired him.

The doctor howled. His eyes were mostly black by now, only a thin ring of red around his dilated pupils.

“You ought to be the sorest omega in all of Virginia when I’m done with you,” he growled in Will’s ear, his velvety voice sticky like honey dripping from sandpaper.

“Please,” Will heaved. “I’m so wet. Please. I… forgot my suppressants.”

“Not for the first time,” Dr. Lecter scolded him. He growled again as he bared his teeth. “I’ve been… smelling it on you for a few days now.”

Will realized he could have the upper hand. He could *lie* and have the upper hand.

“I just wanted you to notice me,” he pushed.

Another guttural growl.

The next thing Will knew, he had both of his ankles on Dr. Lecter’s shoulders and his underwear below his knees.

Those thick fingers were back inside Will, three this time, and Will flinched. He was frightened of not being able to handle Dr. Lecter’s cock, because his fingers were already a huge stretch in his virgin hole. As he finger fucked him, the Alpha rubbed his cock on Will’s thigh.

Will’s heat was finally rising in his skin and he was already finding it difficult to come up with coherent words. It was a stream of ‘fuck me’ punctuated by ‘fuck you’ and involuntary moans.

Will was getting tunnel vision from staring up at Dr. Lecter’s eyes, his plump lips, and the fact his fangs were showing. The Alpha looked terribly agitated and restless as he plunged his thick fingers in and out of Will with his grinding jaw and loud snarls coming from his foamy lips.

Will’s body shook with the impact of the finger fucking as their sweaty bodies came together as one. He thought it was unusual that an Alpha in rut was giving an omega the courtesy of being fingered at all before being knotted, but Will was grateful, as he had always dreamt of how Dr. Lecter’s firm, long-fingered, rough hands would feel anywhere on his body.

The most pressing urge at the moment, however, was that Will wanted to swallow the saliva from Dr. Lecter’s mouth. Amidst the biological mayhem, a more emotive part of Will urged to kiss him.

“You’re a coward. You’ve done all this—you went through—oh, fuck. Through all this trouble—and you can’t even fuck me right,” Will said in between jolts, even though he didn’t know what was like to be fucked right at all.

Dr. Lecter gave Will a special fangedy smile.

The Alpha tugged on his own cock a few times and droplets of precome pearled at its head with every movement. He tossed his head back as his length grew even further.

Will had no clue how he was going to make it fit inside him, but he was eager to find out if he could.

“Hannibal,” Will’s tone hardened. He had never used the doctor’s first name before. It weighed on his tongue like molasses.

A request?

A demand.

First, the head. Will sucked in a breath as the bulky glans breached him. It was so huge that he thought he was going to vomit from too much vagal stimulation. It felt like his skin was about to be torn apart.

And then, the head was in. Its length went until where Will’s prostate allowed, around halfway, while Dr. Lecter grunted in Will’s ear.

The Alpha set a quick pace, but with thorough thrusts. Will’s body jolted with the impact as his vertebrae hit the hard floor. His thighs were already cramping up from how Dr. Lecter had positioned them, but the line between pain and pleasure had been crossed a long time ago.

Will’s forgotten cock was rubbing against both of their abdomens, getting little friction. Will’s slick was everywhere. It was all over Dr. Lecter’s cock, dripping down his ass and hips and onto the floor.

“Fuck me. Fuck me harder,” Will mumbled in ragged moans. “Breed me.”

With his foaming mouth, Dr. Lecter bit Will’s left shin hard enough that Will winced in pain. His slim leg looked so helpless next to those ferocious teeth that the vision almost made Will come on the spot.

The Alpha licked the pooling blood with expertise. He sloppily sucked on the torn skin as he fucked him. He was getting off to Will’s mutilation, the bastard.

As Will’s hand finally slipped, he reached down to play with his forgotten cock, but his wrists were pinned above his head before he could.

Dr. Lecter inhaled Will’s space and licked the side of his face. Will’s heart was ricocheting inside his chest as he felt the foam drip down his jaw and collarbones. He was so turned on that he felt he was going to pass out. The arousal was so nausea-inducing that Will was dizzy even lying down.

“Hannibal, please—”

Dr. Lecter stuffed Will’s mouth with the three fingers that were up his ass not long ago. It was his elegant, stoic way of telling Will to shut up and behave, Will figured.

Will sucked on the digits as he savored his own taste, something he had never had in his mouth before due to Catholic shame and lack of self exploration. Dr. Lecter was right—Will did taste sweet, something akin to orange marmalade. It made Will feel free. He closed his eyes to suck.

The Alpha's balls hit Will's ass with every thrust, loud slap after loud slap echoing in Jack's office. Will could only imagine what the man's reaction would be once he saw what Dr. Lecter had done to his space. No door. No desk. No dignity to be spared.

Will's jaw fell slack around Dr. Lecter's thick fingers while he was rammed. The Alpha manhandled Will's body so he would be half on his side, one leg down and the other on the doctor's shoulder, where he had bitten him. The blood was drying up, but Will didn't want it to stop.

He wanted to be soaked in blood, slick, drool and come.

He shoved his shin back in Dr. Lecter's mouth. The Alpha caught his cue and sank his teeth into the dents his canines had left before.

Will screamed in pleasure.

When he tried to stretch his neck to assess the damage, he caught sight of his abdomen bulging obscenely from the stretch of Dr. Lecter's cock, the skin stretched and taut around his belly button.

Will reached down to touch it and felt the firmness of the Alpha's cock destroying him from the inside. There was blood dripping from his shin over his hand and crotch, and the vision took him to the edge.

Stars sparked behind Will's eyes as he rode the first orgasm of his life. He hadn't known it could feel like this, good like this, freeing like this, but he should've never expected less than perfect with Dr. Lecter. His cock spurted come over his stomach.

Dr. Lecter draped himself over Will and planted a panting, open-mouthed kiss on his mouth. Will kissed him back, all teeth and gasps. He didn't stop orgasming.

The Alpha followed an invisible trail of kisses down Will's chin, jaw, neck. He licked the untouched skin before he sank his canines into Will for the third time—this time, on the side of his bare throat.

The rhythmic ticking of anxiety that marked the cadence of Will's life fell instantly silent. Its once wicked presence became a dull emptiness. Will felt the weight of time lift from his shoulders as his worries slipped away into oblivion. He found immediate solace in the way his body seemed to be conjoined to Dr. Lecter's, both buzzing in the same wavelength. Will could feel the Alpha's arousal tingling through his bones, vibrating like a provoked beehive.

"Oh—you feel so good," Will moaned.

As Dr. Lecter licked the new wound, he thrust in and out of Will with brute force. By now, Will's back was bloodied from rubbing against the floor.

"Come inside me. Please," Will pleaded. "Don't let it go to—go to waste. Not even a single drop."

"So demanding…" the doctor rumbled in his ear. "What kind of Alpha would I be to deny you? To ridicule such a mutually beneficial wish?"

Dr. Lecter adjusted Will's body to change the angle of his thrusts. Will was sure his ass was about to tear around the width of the doctor's cock. He screamed in pain.

Will felt the warm gush of come invade him. It was *a lot* of come. Whenever Will thought it was over, the Alpha cock spurted more and more inside him, like a broken spigot. Will's eyes rolled to the back of his head as some of the come slid out of his ass and onto the mess on the floor, mixing with blood, drool, slick, sweat, and tears.

And then… it happened. What Will's life had been leading to since he presented as an omega during his teen years. Everything he had read in anatomy books, porn magazines, and on the internet—nothing came close to the real thing. Dr. Lecter's knot started to expand. It was a pressing ache that got Will drunk, inexorable like a hydraulic press inside him. The bulb of the knot grew and grew and grew until their bodies were locked together. Most of the warm come was now trapped inside Will's ass.

Dr. Lecter's eyes slowly came back to normal. His red irises became visible again, and his heaving chest slowed down. Through the mating bite, Will could feel the doctor's sheer relief. It glimmered like sun beams in his chest, stirring heat beneath his breastbone.

Will closed his eyes as the heaviness of the Alpha's body grounded him.

"I promise to take good care," Dr. Lecter breathed hotly against Will's neck. "Good care of my helpless omega… so weak. Defenseless for anyone to take."

Will whimpered as the knot expanded impossibly further inside him.

"Fortunately, it was me who took you. Someone who was kind enough to honor all of you," he said as he planted a muted, open-mouthed kiss on the mating bite.

Will's fingers found their way into Dr. Lecter's hair once more. It was damp with sweat and smelled like sweat. Will buried his sensitive nose in it and felt his cock twitch. Will came again; weakly this time, completely untouched and stimulated by smell alone.

Dr. Lecter must've felt inspired by Will's second orgasm because their lips met again in a frantic kiss. Each touch was urgent as Will tried to convey his tempestuous sea of emotions solely through kissing.

"My back," Will panted into the kiss. "It really, really hurts."

The Alpha maneuvered their bodies so Will was on top of him. Will lay his head on the broad expanse of the doctor's coarse chest hair. Dr. Lecter's cock spurted more come inside Will in

response to the tender intimacy Will showed him.

“Better?”

“Mmhm,” Will mumbled. His mind was hazy with post-orgasm hormones.

The doctor groped both of Will’s ass cheeks and spread them apart, checking to make sure no more come would slip out.

Will whined as his taut skin hurt. His bulging abdomen pressed tight against Dr. Lecter’s happy trail.

He felt the doctor’s hands go up and down his bruised spine in soothing motions. His protruding vertebrae stung the more Dr. Lecter touched him. Will’s entire body was buzzing with blissful affliction, delicious agony, a welcomed pain. He was afraid he would never be able to live without Dr. Lecter’s knot inside him.

“Will?” Beverly and Jack both peaked their heads through the destroyed door.

“We’ve been looking for you all over the building but–” Beverly couldn’t finish her train of thought, as she started laughing mid-sentence.

“We called you an ambulance,” said Jack, completely serious.

More come leaked from Dr. Lecter’s cock inside Will. Who knew the Alpha was an exhibitionist? Will could’ve probably guessed it.

“I’m fine, don’t worry,” Will mumbled tiredly as Dr. Lecter seethed at them. “I’ve never been better,” Will added as an afterthought as his eyes fluttered closed and he gave them a lazy thumbs up.

The doctor growled and huffed so Beverly and Jack would catch their cues and leave them alone.

They did.

“You’re mine now,” the Alpha growled. “You always have been.”

Love and hate go hand in hand.

End Notes

If you enjoyed it, consider leaving me a comment! Comments motivate the writer to keep creating! Thank you for reading it. Sending you all my love.

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